

The Missile

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Jefferson In Industry and Private Life.

The plan for making Monticello, Jefferson's home, a memorial foundation has turned, in some degree, the spotlight on Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson's great works are well known and need no mention, but there are several minor facts about Jefferson that are very interesting and not quite as well known. These facts deal with his private, industrial, and scientific achievements.

Jefferson contributed six inventions to the industrial world. These are the letter copying press, the improved plow, the office swivel chair, the duplicate letter writing machine, a wheelbarrow, and a camp stool.

He was the first farmer to experiment in crop rotation and also the first to use the chicken incubator and the threshing machine. The first planting of rice in America was done by Thomas Jefferson.

The idea of building the Panama Canal and of prison reform we owe to him.

It may be of interest to note also that he was the originator of the style of wearing long trousers.

Of the minor things which he did, probably the most beneficial was the introduction of vaccination into America. He was

the first prominent American to submit to this treatment and influenced others to follow.

In view of these works it may be said that Jefferson was not only a great American politically, but that he helped his country industrially and humanely.

—J. W. S.

A Literature Club.

Would not a club devoted entirely to the study of the works of American and foreign authors, be of great importance to the Petersburg High School? This is a question that we feel sure will interest many students of the school at large.

Such a society would create interest in real literary work, works of the highest type. Under the advice of one or more teachers, experienced in this line of study, a student could follow the course of literature in various fields. With the library facilities of the High School, books could be easily obtained at any time.

Many students become greatly interested in literature through the English courses of the school. In these courses it is not possible to read and discuss complete books, but in a society devoted entirely to literature this could be done.

The question might be raised, "Haven't we two literary societies in the school? Would not this new one overlap with the others?"

We have two very fine literary societies in the school which are doing splendid work. However, these societies devote their whole time to two great branches of literary work, declamation and debate. A third society dealing with literature alone, would in no way interfere with either of the present societies.

A society for the study of literature only, we believe; would greatly interest and help any student who cared to become a member.

—J. W. S.

THE NOISE OF THE MACHINE SHOP.

Bang ! bang ! boom ! boom ! oh where am I ?
What arms are clashing today ?
Can't you hear the thundering of the guns
And bombs exploding away ?

Pop ! pop ! the bullets buzz around
Now booming, banging beat
The drums. A cry ! a bustle is heard !
Who goes down in defeat ?

I shudder ! the hand of the enemy
Is upon me now, 'tis true !
"Young Man, how dare you sleep while there
Is work for you to do?"

—KATHLEEN CROWDER.

A TRAGEDY.

She drew her key from out her purse
And placed it in the lock,
The bureau drawer she opened wide—
Great goodness ! What a shock.

'Twas gone ! 'Twas gone ! Oh, what a fate !
She searched the contents through,
But she could not her treasure find—
Oh ! What was she to do ?

She called the butler and the maid ;
The gardener too must look.
"Shure, 'tis a mystery indade,"
To quote the Irish cook.

The gardener to the cellar went,
The butler searched the den.
The maid the bureau drawer took—
She'd look in there again.

They searched the house all through and through,
From the attic to the ground.
They looked in every cranny,
For it simply must be found.

They needed reinforcements, so
They called the chauffeur in.
With renewed vigor the search went on;
'Twas like a battle's din.

The chauffeur searched, but, like the rest,
The treasure did not find;
But he said "I'll call a couple of cops,
If my mistress doesn't mind."

The cops came in, the hunt went on,
But still without success.
At last, the maid exhausted, said
"I'm through, I must confess."

So, one by one, they all dropped out,
To milady's great dismay;
But, as the faithful butler said,
"She'd always have her way."

So, when she found the search had failed,
She swooned in finest style;
But luckily her couch was near
(She knew it all the while.)

The butler then excited became,
And rushed around the house,
While from the antics of the cook
You'd have thought she'd seen a mouse.

At last, when she had calmed herself,
The maid the doctor called,
And, taking up the telephone,
Into the mouth-piece balled,
“Oh! doc— A choo!—Plague take that snuff
Milady’s lost her powder puff.”

—EDWIN R. BOWMAN, JR.

The Famous Mr. Ellington.

Noiselessly a rakish-looking gray limousine glided through the well-groomed grounds of the Conway estate, and came to a quiet halt under the porte cochere of the spacious home of John L. Conway, New York’s millionaire stock-broker.

A small lively-looking fellow was issued into the great hall of the home and an attendant took his card.

John Conway was eating supper and seemed very much absorbed in the newspaper he was reading. The headlines announced the fact that the International Radio Laboratories had perfected a radio receiver which by far surpassed all others. Mr. Ellington, the president of the company, had now become of greater fame than Marconi. It was at this point that an attendant handed the broker a card.

It was difficult for John Conway to preserve the calmness with which he just sipped a cup of coffee. “The famous Mr. Ellington,” he muttered. “It will be exceedingly interesting to converse with a genius of such extraordinary ability I’m sure.”

Ellington was the type of man who is easy to become acquainted with, and it was not long before the two were conversing as if they had been knowing each other for some time.

Ellington seemed to be impatient for some reason or other, and strolled over to a nearby window.

“Oh! Yes, Mr. Conway, I thought I saw lightning and it occurred to me that tonight would be a very good time to prove the fact that my receiver is not affected by electrical storms; and so, Mr. Conway, if you will excuse me, I shall take my leave. The advantage of my set is that it is portable and can be used

anywhere without an antenna. My car is equipped with one of these outfits."

Mr Conway saw Ellington was very anxious to leave in order to try out his set, but, being pleased with his personality, he expressed the desire that Ellington should stay and witness the remarkable results of his own receiver, which happened to be a nine tube affair of the super-heterodyne type.

"Mr. Ellington, I should be very much pleased if you would stay a moment or two and hear my set upstairs."

Ellington frowned and thought awhile, and suddenly his face brightened. "I can bring my own set upstairs. As I said before, it is portable, and I may use the one I have in my car."

"Just the thing," exclaimed Conway, "James, go out to Mr. Ellington's car with him and give him whatever help he needs in carrying his radio upstairs to my drawing room."

It was not long before Ellington had his set upstairs. He placed the set in the window, and after connecting a few wires to the batteries of Conway's set, all was in readiness.

"You see, the current is usually supplied by the storage batteries in my car, but of course, I could not bring that up here; for that reason I am connecting with the batteries of your set," he explained. "I am also going to hook up with your antenna and ground, to show you what my set will do under the same conditions as yours."

This receiver of Conway's was a very exceptional one, and Conway, while demonstrating its remarkable selectivity to Ellington, thought surely that there was no set to surpass his.

But now Ellington switched on his own set, and in order to show its simplicity of operation, offered to allow Mr. Conway to operate it. With a little explanation Ellington was sure that Conway could handle it, there being but four dials and a switch, which Mr. Ellington had just cut on.

"Here is a catalogue of all the broad-casting stations known and telling you how to get each one on this set. By using the combinations suggested there, you will get excellent results. Now, pick out any station you want and use the combination suggested in the catalogue, and you will find that the clarity and volume will surpass anything you ever imagined."

"Let's try San Francisco first," suggested Conway, "I've nev-

er been able to get them on my set." With the combination specified put into effect Conway listened expectantly.

"San Francisco speaking," came in clear and strong while Conway listened spellbound to the simply constructed loud speaker which was built into the set.

"The next selection by the Jack Olsen's Californians will be, A Home in Pasadena."

Conway announced his intention of getting Honolulu, Hawaii. After looking up the combination he set the dial as specified.

"The next selection from this station will be by the Feuqua Brothers, and will be played on the original Hawaiian guitars."

John Conway was not yet satisfied and tried London. He heard Misha Elman give a selection on the violin.

He was rapturously enthused over the set, and immediately made arrangements to get one like it.

"Mr. Ellington, I believe tonight has been a fortunate night for me and I am very glad indeed that your acquaintance with my son led you to call on me."

Conway could not find words to express his gratitude.

"Oh! say, would you consider selling me some stock in your company, say about seventy-five thousand?"

Mr. Ellington smiled. "Well, Mr. Conway, I had no idea—not the faintest thought—that this meeting of ours would terminate in my selling you stock in my company, I will say however, that it will give me great pleasure to give you an interest in the company, which I believe will revolutionize the radio industry."

"But, I mean for you to take my check right now," insisted Conway. The operation of the set had truly fascinated him.

"Well, I suppose I can arrange for that. I believe I have that much in my overcoat pocket."

By this time Conway had the bonds and Ellington the check.

Footsteps were heard which turned out to be the son's. Conway quickly turned back to the set and got London again for his son to hear.

"Dad, look out for that man! He's an imposter."

The son burst through the door; Conway and Ellington looked amazed; the son soon had put Ellington "out of commission," and was ready to speak.

"Dad, all this may seem peculiar, but I will explain all that. As you know, tonight is the chauffeur's night off and I put the car

away myself. I noticed a red and green light in your window and stopped puzzled. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw that there was a wire from your antenna to the servants' quarters, which you know should have been unoccupied tonight. I crept up the stairs and saw that there were four men up there who were operating a phonograph. Presently the lights in your window changed to white and blue, and one of the men muttered, "He wants Honolulu now, put on A Home in Pasadena, that's scheduled for tonight according to the newspapers." The son finished breathless. "That fellow is strong too; if it hadn't been for my army training I could never——"

Ellington rushed for the door and was gone.

"Who was he?" asked the son after a futile pursuit.

"He claimed to be the famous Mr. Ellington," simply answered the father.

"Say! that fellow has my cheek!" he ejaculated suddenly.

"Here you are," smiled the boy and handed the much relieved father a wad of crumpled paper.

FRANCIS TEMPLE.

SLEEP.

(A VILLANELLE.)

Oh, sleep, you are a curious thing,
As you steal on us softly unaware.
What wondrous peace to us you bring.

When some wrong makes our conscience sting
You come in the form of a great nightmare;
Oh, sleep, you are a curious thing.

And when to the poor some alms we bring,
Our dreams are filled with beauties rare;
What wondrous peace to us you bring.

In the little child's eyes the sand you fling,
And they dream of fairies and imps so fair.
Oh, sleep, you are curious thing.

When to our mind the echoes ring
Of bygone days of toil and care,
What wondrous peace to us you bring.

The rich, the poor, the beggar, the king,
In sleep find rest from worry and care.
Oh, sleep, you are a curious thing,
What wondrous peace to us you bring.

—ELIZABETH SAUNDERS.

HOMeward BOUND.

The night was still, and the boat was clear,
Except for those who dared not sleep;
Time was near, but still more dear
Was the land beyond the tranquil deep,
For we were homeward bound!

Not a sound was heard save that of the waves
As they lashed, and crashed on the ship afloat;
When she cut the foam from its deep cool caves,
Then onward was pushed the bow of the boat,
And we were homeward bound !

'Twas music for the ear, and music for the soul,
For well we knew before sunrise
Was joy for many both young and old.
And all through the night we watched the skies,
When we were homeward bound !

There is music more sacred, and music more true,
But none means more to the homeland lover,
Than the breaking of waves from the watery blue,
And soon our wayworn hearts discover
That we are homeward bound!

—ALICE K. WICKER.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND EDUCATION.

Thomas Jefferson was the first statesman of our country to foresee clearly the extraordinary improvement which education would produce in the purely material condition of the nation. He had great faith in education. When he was once asked how the great objects upon which the liberty, the felicity, and the comfort of mankind depended were to be solidly and lastingly preserved, he emphatically replied, "By education." In 1817 he wrote George Tickner, "Knowledge is power, knowledge is safety, knowledge is happiness." He never for a moment forgot the value of education in its relation to the state at large. He looked upon it, he said, "as the means of giving a wholesome direction to public opinion; it was the safest guide and guardian of public morals and public welfare; it was the arbitress in every age of happiness or wretchedness for a community."

He began his fight for public instruction on his first entrance into public life as a delegate to the General Assembly. Naturally, as he was a graduate of William and Mary College, his activities were first directed toward its improvement rather than toward the establishment of a new institution. In 1779, as a member of the Board, he was in a position to undertake to enlarge its studies and to raise its standards. Its departments were at that time: First, the Grammar School. The pupils in this school were called scholars, and entered as early as the ninth year. There was one professor in charge of this department. Second, the School of Philosophy. The pupils in this school were known as Students, and were required to wear a collegiate cap and gown. This school was taught by two professors. In one section, rhetoric, logic, and ethics were taught, and in the other physics, metaphysics and mathematics. The degrees awarded were those of bachelor of arts and master of arts, and two and four years respectively were the required periods within which they were to be won. Third, the School of Divinity. In this school, in which lessons were given in the Hebrew language and in the history of dogma, the instruction was assigned to two professors, and a weekly lecture was delivered by the President of the College for the entire school. In ad-

dition to these departments, there was, for a fixed number of Indian boys, a course in reading, writing and arithmetic, and also a supplementary course in the precepts of the catechism, and in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion.

Jefferson began to make definite changes in the institution with the design to convert it into a university. This was the first step towards establishing somewhere in America a centre of learning that was patterned on the standard of the great universities of Europe. He did away with the School of Divinity, because of its religious feature, and the course in the Christian religion. He enlarged the Indian School. He introduced law, science, medicine, and agriculture as new courses. He began the preparation of a students' library.

He hoped that this reform of the Virginia College would keep his fellow statesmen from going north to college. He saw that the college had two conspicuous reasons for its advancement: (1) its comparatively ancient origin, and (2) its situation in the capital city. However he soon found that his scheme for a university would never develop there. The city was claimed unhealthy. It was too remote from most sections of the State. The other denominations still refused to patronize it, because they thought that there was some secret scheme to aid the Episcopalians. The removal of the capital to Richmond was the final blow for its failure.

However Thomas Jefferson did not stop here in his educational movement. In the same year 1779 he came forward with his educational bill of 1779. He urged in his bill the establishment of primary schools. This bill provided for primary and secondary schools. His plan was: that the State should be divided into wards with a primary school for each. Then the State was to be divided into districts, so many wards to a district; each district was to have a small college or secondary school. In the centre of the State a University was to be erected and maintained. The primary school was to feed the secondary, and the secondary to feed the University with students. The parents of pupils in the primary schools were to pay for their upkeep, the secondary schools were to be supported by taxes, and the University was to be supported by a fund set aside for the purpose by the General Assembly. This bill never passed the Assembly.

Jefferson expected this primary education to reach a far greater body of citizens than the advanced education. He believed that every citizen needs some knowledge for the transaction of his private business, such as the skill to make his own calculations in figures, and to express and preserve his ideas, his contracts, and his accounts in writing.

The aims of the higher education rested upon a somewhat broader platform. Some of these aims were: to mould the characters of the statesmen, the legislators, and judges on whom the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the individual in the future were to depend so largely; to expound the proper spirit and framework of government; to interpret the laws that relate to the intercourse of nations; to harmonize and nourish the growth of the reasoning powers of the young, and to develop their minds, cultivate their morals, and instil in them the principles of virtue and order.

It was not until the close of his Presidential term in 1809 that Jefferson was so completely released from all official responsibilities that he could fix his mind continuously on the subject which had enlisted his earnest sympathy and support so early in his political career. He at once began the struggle for popular education and for a university. In 1816 he wrote to Governor Nicholas, describing his plans and urging that they be put before the General Assembly.

In 1817 Joseph C. Cabell introduced Jefferson's bill, entitled "A Bill to Establish a System of Public Education," to the 1817-18 session of the Assembly. Jefferson did not live to see his great scheme for public education go into effect, but in 1818 the General Assembly passed in favor of the University of Virginia.

After much discussion as to its location, Charlottesville was chosen as being nearest the centre of the State. In 1819 the University was incorporated. Jefferson's plans were carried out in the building of the institution. Professors were sent for from England, and Jefferson's courses of study were drafted. In 1825 it opened its doors with Jefferson at its head. Jefferson supervised it until his death.

When, after his death, his papers were examined to discover his wishes as to the disposal of his body, the following memorandum was found, requesting that on his tombstone

should be written; "Here lies Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

His last thought, we thus perceive, was occupied with only three facts in his life, but they were the three which, in his opinion, made up his greatest contributions to the cause of freedom. He was fully convinced that he had established a seat of learning that would, for ages, help to preserve that freedom of mind, spirit and individual action which he had always advocated and done so much to encourage, to strengthen, and to perpetuate.

—LUCY S. GILLIAM.

NIAGARA.

Niagara, Wonder of the Continent,
Miracle of the West,
Pride of the States,
Power unlimited!
Atheist, I defy you,
Gaze on it and say:
"There is no God."

—TOWNLEY GAMBLE.

ON MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF MT. WASHINGTON.

Oh Washington, when first I saw thy dome,
Around whose lofty heights the breezes blow,
Encrusted in a coat of purest snow,
I marvelled at thy perfectness of form.
I wonder that thy slopes so uniform

Can cast around thee such a peaceful glow.
Thy sturdiness and age do clearly show
That thou art master of the ancient storm.
O monster, in the years to come, I doubt
That thou wilt undergo one bit of change;
The beauties of thy peak cannot wear out;
Thou'lt always be the monarch of thy range.
'Tis far and wide thy praises now I fling.
Oh Washington, it is to thee I sing.

—EDWIN R. BOWMAN, Jr.

PRINCESS ANNE BAKING POWDER.

In the office of the Princess Anne Baking Powder Company were seated Mr. Jackson, President of the company, and Mr. Charlie Jones, the advertising agent. They were at this time engaged in a very heated discussion, and looked as if they would fly at each other so intense was their fury.

“Mr. Jones, as an advertising agent you would make a good politician, always around and never doing anything. You have been advertising our Princess Anne Baking Powder in this town for over two weeks, and there are not ten people that ever heard of it. Why you fool, this firm is going to the dogs if you don't get busy. Get out and stir around and boost up the business. Our baking powder is the best that is made, and with the right kind of advertising we should sell carloads of it. If you would only let the people know how good it really is, we would clean up on it.”

“Good! the devil it is! my own wife threw out the can that I brought home and threatened to throw me out if I brought any more of that mess in her house.”

“Nonsense, man, it is the healthiest substance that anyone could take into his body. Why, in only a week anyone that had been using our baking powder would be transformed from skin and bones into the picture of health.”

“Yes, only last week I mixed some of it with water and fed it to my old hen, but my wife stopped this, for the old hen was

about to die. I tell you the stuff is no good ! I have been to every dealer in town and they refuse to take any more of it. Some of them said that they hadn't yet sold a can of it. I am afraid to walk on the street for fear someone may have bought a can of it and is coming after me to take his vengeance out."

"I still claim," said Jones, "that the fault is you and not the baking powder. Advertisement is a great thing when it is done the right way. Tomorrow we will have to recall all of the baking powder from the stores, for by some mischance a hundred dollar bill of the company became mixed up with the powder and was put into one of the cans. This was about our only asset so we will have to do all that we can to get it back. Don't dare to breathe this to a soul, for if you do we will be at a loss. So far the Princess Anne Baking Powder Company has had nothing but trouble and a dumb advertising agent, but be down early in the morning to help me get in the cans."

After walking up the street on his way to dinner, old man Jones began thinking. Suppose he could by chance get that hundred dollar bill; it would come in mighty good, and besides he could raise a whole flock of chickens. So he decided to risk a little money, and entering a store purchased twenty-four cans of the baking powder and went home.

"You plumb old fool," said his wife when she saw him enter the house, loaded down with baking powder, "have you gone entirely crazy? What do you want with that dern old mess? If you are figuring on feeding your hen, well, she died this morning after being fed on your powder, just as I expected too."

"Well, Mary, my dear, I have a purpose for buying it, but I can't tell you now," said Jones in a very sweet but dignified manner.

With this his wife started after him, and from the outside any one would think that a "Second Battle of the Nations" was in progress. When the tumult had died down, so much had been said by both parties in such a short while that Jones didn't even know what he had said; however, he went up stairs to take a little nap before the evening, feeling contented that the secret still remained.

That evening when he came down, what should he see but every pan, dish, bowl, and everything in the house filled with

baking powder? What, did the wife know about the bill? Well, he was sure that he hadn't told her anyway. He picked up the evening paper and started reading. The headlines were as follows, "Hundred Dollar Bill lost in Princess Anne Baking Powder, Big Secret given out by Mr. Charlie Jones." This was too much for him; he was gone now; what would Mr. Jackson say? Surely he would lose his job. Looking out in the street he saw Mr. Jackson running over to meet him. Yes, he too would like to run, but there he stood like a statue.

"Charlie, old boy, that was the greatest piece of work you ever did. Why, every can of baking powder in the town is gone and the people are clamoring for more. Everyone is looking for the bill. You are, without a doubt, the greatest advertising agent in the country."

All this while Jones stood still and didn't say a word. He didn't understand things at all.

"Don't you see Charlie," continued Jackson, "that it was all a fake? It was just a scheme to get rid of the baking powder. There was no hundred dollar bill lost."

"Well, why did you tell me to keep everything a secret?"

Jackson looked at him smiling and said, "To be frank I knew you, and I knew your wife, but come on and enjoy yourself; I have made a fortune. Your salary is raised fifteen dollars a week."

But Jackson was through with baking powder for life. He now went into the chicken business and there he found his calling and until this day is making a huge success.

—JAMES WHITEHURST.

THE PUSSYWILLOW.

The first to peep, in spring, from its winter bed
While other buds and flowers and trees still wait
For the warm sunshine and rain to indicate
When they shall gaze at the clear blue sky o'er head;
They come to light when the rest of nature is dead.
The woods and lawns its buds to decorate.
And the whole wide world, to all, looks less sedate
When her arms on every side are all outspread.

As spring puts on her colorful dress of green
Their beauty and gracefulness stand over all.
When in the refreshing breeze her tresses flow,
Nothing more beautiful or dainty is seen,
Whether in calm, in rain, in snow or in squall,
Than the place where the lovely pussywillows grow.

—BERNARD BAIN.

TRIOLET.

This old world is a jolly old place
In which to live and learn;
Though there are trials we have to face
This old world is a jolly old place.
'Tis here we stay and run our race,
And enjoy the things we earn.
This old world is a jolly old place
In which to live and learn.

—GLADYS WILKINSON.

DEFEAT.

Down the cinder path, their faces set and determined, the racers swept around the bend on the last lap to the judge's stand. Thousands of spectators lined the course.

Danny McCloud, a slim and well built racer, led the field in the home stretch. He fairly hurled himself across the finish tape, a dozen feet in advance of his nearest competitor. The crowd roared its approval.

Of all the watchers in the stand, none was more radiant, more joyous than Judy Wilson. Her heart thrilled at the sight of the retreating victor, thrilled as the judge pinned the ribbon upon his shirt, thrilled as he waved his hand toward the stand. She had prayed for him to win, and her prayers had been an-

swered; and now she wanted to be the first to reach him, the first to tell him how proud she felt. She had more right than others, for she and Danny were to be married the next month.

But somehow McCloud, flushed with his victory, had forgotten his promise. He did not hurry to her side, did not rush up to seize her eager hands. He turned away from the judge's stand with his manager and his men friends, and moved down toward the dressing rooms.

Judy saw and could not understand. She slipped from her seat and pushed her way through the crowd.

Then she caught up with Danny and touched his arm. "Danny!" she cried joyously. "I'm so glad! I knew you would win!"

Danny stopped. "Hello, Judy!" he said. "Why are you here? I told you to wait in the stand. I was going to come to you later."

"I could not wait. You promised to come to me right away," she reminded him.

Danny frowned, "I know I did, Judy," he returned; "but I wanted to get back to the shed for a rubdown. Things have turned out so differently. The boys want me to be with them. It's business, you know. You see, Judy, I'm about the most popular fellow in Tampa right now. It means something to win a race over those fellows. You ought to be proud of me."

"Oh, Danny, you know I am!" she cried happily.

He held her hand, while the men called to him to hurry. "You see, I can't very well disappoint the fellows. I'll have to stick to them. You won't mind, will you? I'll leave one of the boys to take you home."

Judy listened. "I'll wait for you," she said. "I don't mind being alone. Maybe after ——"

"No, don't wait!" he interrupted. "There's no telling when I can get away. You want me to be popular, don't you? Of course you do."

"All right, Danny," she faltered. "I-I shouldn't interfere. Only I did want to be with you to-night."

"What would the bunch think of me if I left them now?" he asked. "They wouldn't like it. And now I am wearing the ribbon and have every prospect of being the champion after

Thursday afternoon, I've got to stand in right with them. I'm going to make piles of money, Judy."

The girl did not answer him. Danny looked around at the men who were impatiently waiting. "You run back to the stand, Judy," he went on, "and I'll send one of the boys over. He'll take you home. Then maybe to-morrow night we'll go out together."

Tears came into her eyes as she watched him turn away. She must not complain. Danny was right. Only to-day, when his name was upon every lip, she wanted to be with him, it was her place, her privilege.

She went back and sat in the lower tier of the deserted stand, a solitary, pathetic figure, forgotten and unnoticed.

A runner came towards her. He paused at the railing to adjust his shoe, looked up curiously at the lone occupant, and promptly broke into an exclamation. "Judy," he cried.

The girl started and looked down into the smiling face of the speaker. Then her eyes brightened. "Mr. Eanes!" she exclaimed.

"Right,"

He said. "How long has it been since I saw you?" "Over six months," Judy answered. "What are you doing here?"

"I am on an investigating committee," Eanes explained. "Seems like old times to be in racing togs again."

"Did you see the race this afternoon?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, rather a walkover for McCloud, wasn't it?" Eanes sat down beside her. "Oh, by the way," he began abruptly, "has Danny—that is, are you and ——." He paused and looked questioningly into her eyes.

"It—it's to be next month," she answered him.

"Is that a fact? Good enough! Danny is a nice level-headed chap, with a lot of common sense and a good job. You don't know how I envy him, Judy. Honest, now, to think of you two settling down in a cozy little home and all that sort of thing. It's great!"

"Danny isn't going to settle down now," she said. "You see," she went on to explain, "winning to-day's race has changed every thing. If he wins the championship on next Thursday, he is going to make a great deal of money, he says."

"Oh!" said Eanes, and his expression changed suddenly, "so that's the idea, is it? Where is he now?"

"He's with the men—that is, his manager," Judy replied, "and I'm waiting for some one he is to send to take me home. Danny is so busy now, you know. Why, he's the most popular man in Tampa," she added. "It—it isn't right that I should interfere, is it?"

Eanes searched her face narrowly. "So Danny sticks with the crowd and is willing to send a substitute, when next month —." He checked himself quickly.

"Oh, but I understand," the girl declared.

Eanes asked if he could take her home, but she still had faith in Danny and wanted to wait on the escort.

The sun was setting, but still the promised escort had not arrived. She allowed Eanes to take her home.

Eanes went to the Sherman Hotel where he had been invited by Pond, his manager.

Pond came out of the crowd and led Eanes to the table he had reserved for the occasion.

A group of boisterous young fellows at an adjoining table was the center of their attention.

"That good-looking young chap wearing the blue ribbon is McCloud," Pond said. "He won the mile race to-day. Seems to be quite popular, doesn't he?"

Eanes nodded, but did not offer to make a reply. He was thinking of the disappointed little girl at home in Granby Street.

Far into the night after he had reached his boarding place he sat and thought if he could come back, for he had been a runner in his younger years. He made up his mind and the following day he went out on the track.

He met McCloud who was also out for a trial.

McCloud was angry because he had taken Judy home the day before. He warned him against such a thing.

"I won't warn you again," he said as they separated.

"Thanks". Eanes responded, "I'll keep that in mind, and while we're on this subject, permit me to warn you, don't allow a little popularity and success to dazzle you, McCloud; don't overlook what you have in mind for something else; it doesn't pay, I know."

The day for the race arrived, the stand was crowded, every one was eager for the event.

Bang! the fifteen contestants were off. McCloud took the lead with Eanes a close follower. Lap after lap they ran. McCloud was breathing hard, but he still held his place. Down the home stretch they came, Eanes and McCloud running neck and neck. McCloud, realizing that he could not win, attempted to trip Eanes and spilled himself. Eanes was the victor.

Later, Eanes went over to the dressing room to see McCloud.

"Listen to me, McCloud," Eanes said, "I had to win from you to-day. I simply had to" he repeated earnestly. "For that very reason alone I determined to come back. I'm not going to run any more. This is the finish, and I'm satisfied."

"The finish?" the astounded man broke in.

"Yes," said Eanes, "I came back to help you—and Judy."

McCloud turned his head. "I understand now," he faltered, "I've treated Judy shamefully, I thought I was too big a man for her. My friends made me believe that, and you planned this all out to win from me — just to make me see what a fool I was?"

"I'm afraid I did," said Eanes.

"It is through the eyes of defeat that truth comes," murmured McCloud.

"Why," he began, "I thought all the time you were trying to—to win Judy away; that's what I thought. I haven't seen Judy since the night you took her home. I said I would never see her again, I—I didn't know——" he broke off miserably.

"She's waiting for you in the stand," Eanes spoke up comfortingly. "I saw her there. She said she was sure you would come."

"I must leave you, Eanes," he said. "I mustn't keep Judy waiting."

—STANLEY CLARKE.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

(A RONDEAU.)

If I were a bird I'd fly so high,
And try to touch the golden sky,
So every town would seem so small,
And all the people on earth would call,
"Come, little bird, don't fly so high."

I'd quicken my speed, and make no reply,
And sail with the wind as it passes by;
I'd make my home in tree tops tall,
If I were a bird.

I'd never stop until I'd die,
Because I love to fly so high;
I'd cross the seas and mountains all,
And give to each a cheerful call.
Oh how I would always fly and fly,
If I were a bird.

— MARGARET CRAFTON.

RONDEL.

If ever you think you've done your best,
Watch ! for the best is yet to appear,
You've never completed or finished your test,
Until nothing's left for your conscience to clear.

Sometimes 'tis hard, and our hearts fill with fear,
When we know we've won not an honest rest,
If ever you think you've done your best,
Watch ! for the best is yet to appear.

We may turn to the East and turn to the West,
And always the soul that scatters cheer
Is the one who has tried, and whose efforts are blessed,
And expects to do more in life's career.
If ever you think you've done you best,
Watch ! for the best is yet to appear.

— ALICE K. WICKER.

THE ADRA.

Clifford Sannar was sitting in the lobby of Hotel Lee, smoking a cigar and reading the Washington Times, when a peal of rumbling thunder drowned the noisy chatter in the room. It had been continually raining since five o'clock of the day before, and to-day there was lightning and thunder with it. Sannar yawned sleepily, and was about to lay the paper aside when his eyes caught this article.

"Peculiar death of West Virginia miner. Ma France, W. Va., April 4. This morning, George Rengoro, an employee of the Ma France Coal Company died as the result of some mysterious work. While on his way home from the mines last night, he fell unconcious, and was taken to his house. After a thorough examination the physician could find nothing apparently wrong, but there were several tiny punctures upon the left shoulder, hardly visible. All restoratives applied were unsuccessful and Rengoro never became conscious. At 4:00 A.M. he died. Physicians and miners are still continuing their investigation. Mr. Rengoro came from Spain to America about six years ago, and leaves one daughter, Dolores Rengoro."

"By George, that is funny. Guess I'll have to run down and see about it," exclaimed Sannar.

He had quite a reputation as a solver of mysterious happenings. So, after making a few hasty preparations, he was on his way to Ma France. It was a good thing that it was night and he did not have to look out upon the dripping trees waving their shadowy forms in the impenetrable darkness. The rain had ceased a little, but the wind had increased its moans and howls.

For a time, Sannar could not get his mind off the situation, but resolving not to leave a stone unturned, he fell asleep. Upon awaking he found himself near his destination.

"My gosh, still raining. Why, the little town isn't awake yet!" These were his first thoughts.

Indeed, the inhabitants had been up for hours. In fact, many had not retired; they were mourning the lost of Rengoro, one of their best friends.

After stationing himself at a little inn, the only place which the town afforded, Sannar went to the house of the grief-stricken family. He was admitted by a young girl whose face showed traces of the struggle which she had undergone.

"Good morning, Senor. You came to see my father?" she whispered, her dark eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, if you please, I'd like to see him. I am Sannar—Clifford Sannar, of Washington, I'd like to investigate the matter."

"Step this way, please."

She led him into a neat little room that was lighted by a faint stream of daylight penetrating through the closed shutters. All the men and women who had stayed through the night were gone, and there was no one in the room except Dolores Rengoro, Sannar, and the dead man. The room was of a damp and chilly atmosphere which made them shiver.

The daylight which fluttered across Rengoro's face gave it a ghastly ashen look. After vain attempts the men were forced to leave his eyes open. Now they stared in a frantic way as if the victim was still in agony. As Sannar looked, he could have sworn he saw the eyelids flicker.

"Look, he's not dead! I saw his eyelids move!" he cried, drawing back.

"No, Senor, it could not be. The light came in and make it do like that," she answered quietly.

"Well, if you don't mind, will you tell me all about it, how it happened and everything?" he asked.

"What I know, I tell you. He finish his day's work at the mines. The others leave ahead of him. He tell them, you go on, I wait and finish this last ear." He tell them not to stay because it was already past time to stop. They leave and in a few minutes he come along by himself. Just up the street he fall out. They bring him home and we do all we can for him. When we take off his clothes, we find tiny blue marks on his shoulder. He lay stretched out, with his eyes open, not speaking to anyone. I call him, and he pay no attention. Once he stir, and say, 'It sting, Lenna.' That's my mother's name. She's been dead for five years now. All night he twist and turn and talk out of his head. Then, morning nearly come, and all the rest are

nearly asleep, I see him grab his shoulder, the one with the blue marks, and groan.”

As if mocking her, a groan was heard, weird and human.

“That’s my aunt in the other room; she love him as much as me. Well, after that, he lay still until morning, and then one man, who watch him, come and tell me he was dead.”

“We’ll have to give him a thorough examination, if you’ll be so kind as to bring me a light.”

Sannar thouched the cold body, and was taking off the clothing when there was such a gust of rain and such peals of thunder that the whole house shook. The noise seemed to vibrate especially in that room, and Sannar drew back in alarm. Dolores brought a lamp and, with more courage, he continued his examination.

The tiny blue marks on the left shoulder were so minute that they were hardly visible in the dim light. Testing the flesh around it, he found it soft and beginning to turn black beneath the skin.

After his search he came to the conclusion that there was no internal trouble of any kind, and that the blue prints must have been the cause of Rengoro’s death. How these marks came to be upon his body, Sannar was at a loss to say. It was a form of death that he had never heard of or dealt with before. He wondered if some enemy had taken advantage of Rengoro’s loneliness and had poisoned him in some way. Still, it didn’t seem possible. But he thought it better to inquire about Rengoro’s past life.

So, telling Dolores that he would be back again, he left the house. At the gate he was met by a burly-looking fellow going in the opposite direction. He frowned down upon the specialist, and turned his head quickly.

At the town store, where lots of men were assembled, on account of not working, Sannar asked about Rengoro’s life.

“Thar haint niver bin a fairer and squarer man than Rengoro. He haint had no enemies as I know on,” said one old man, “and I bin here nigh onto twenty years.”

“He did have some words with John Scott about John’s not working like he was told. But, shucks, that’s been ’bout three years ago. Still, they haven’t been on very friendly terms since,” related another.

"Where is this Scott man?" Sannar asked.

"He jest went out. But John couldn't have done it 'cause I was with him when Rengoro fell out. Besides, John's not that kind of man. If he wanted to kill anybody he'd do it square. He's got a little temper, but he's jest as sorry 'bout Rengoro as we are," assented a third.

"John's all right," several said.

Seeing that there was no new information to be gained here, Sannar made his way through the sheets of rain to the inn. In his room, he took out a book giving the causes and remedies of many diseases and injuries.

He began to read. Suddenly his eyes grew round, and he jumped from his chair. Raising over to the Rengoro house he asked to see the corpse again.

Yes there were five marks, surrounded by black flesh. And his eyes were unable to close on account of the agony which he had gone through. Yes, they had given things to quicken the flow of blood in—of trying to stop it about the punctured skin.

"Miss Rengoro, will you let me see the clothing which your father last wore; every bit of it please?" Sannar asked eagerly.

She brought it to him, and looked over it closely. In examining the coat he thought he felt something between the lining and the serge of the left sleeve. Quickly he ripped the lining. And then something fell out! A spider, crumpled up! It was yellow, black and red.

"I thought so!" he cried.

Carrying it in to Dolores, he said, presenting the spider, "This is the cause of your father's death; it evidently got in his coat through this hole in the lining, and, at a little pressure, bit him. Let me read you this from my book.

"The Adra Spider. A deadly poisonous spider, of red, black and yellow colors. A bite from this insect causes a little sting at first, then dreadful agony. It leaves from three to five tiny blue punctures which are hardly visible. No swelling occurs because the poison goes very deep into the flesh. If nothing is done, the flesh becomes soft and black, and will in time decay. The flow of the blood should be stopped around the wound immediately, and the wound cut out. If in time, this will cure it, if not, death ensues."

—ETHEL M. CLEMENTS.



A call was sent out for candidates for the Petersburg High School 1924 base ball team the first part of April. A mass of new material came out, and these with the several letter men who are back, have been developed into a creditable team by coach Joyner. At this writing only four games have been played—High School winning all. P. H. S. has scored 52 runs to their opponents 20.

P. H. S. 19 — HOPEWELL 1.

In the first game of the baseball season, High School defeated Hopewell, by the score of 19 to 1. The game was played on Hopewell's diamond. The Hopewell team was completely out-classed. The High School team hit Hopewell's pitchers at will. George Robinson, star of the team last season, was hurt in this game, and will be out of the game the entire season.

P. H. S. 14—McGUIRE 13.

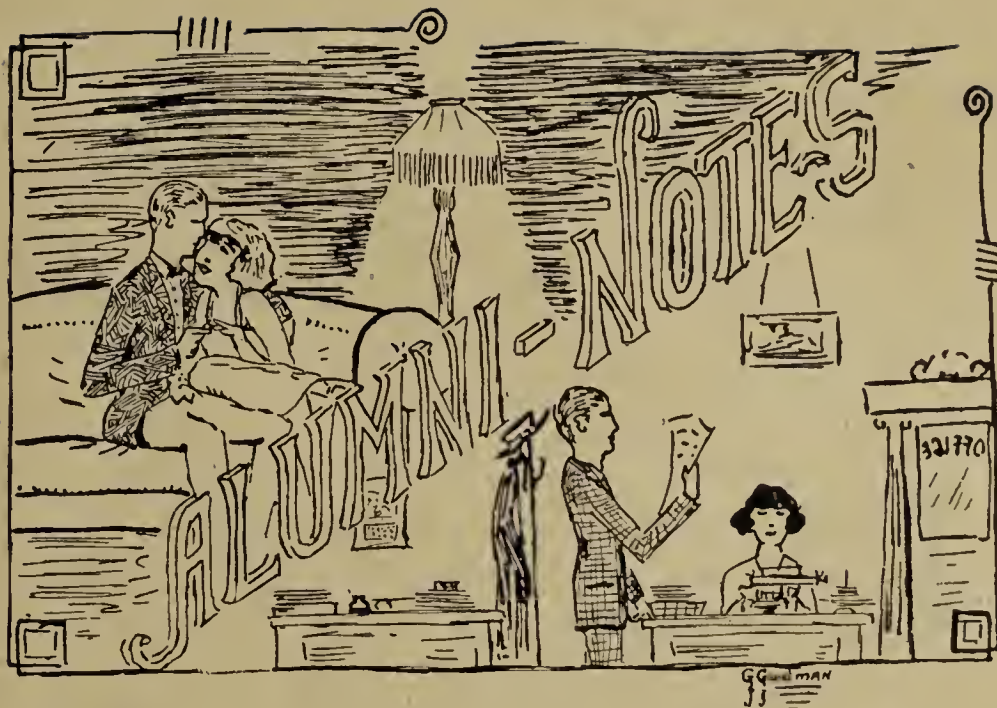
The local team journeyed to Richmond, and met the strong McGuire team. The game was played on the open diamond in Byrd Park, so many extra base hits were registered. The game was thrilling throughout, High School finally winning 14 to 13.

P. H. S. 3—CREWE 1.

The first game at home was with the strong Crewe team. Both teams played a good game of ball as the score 3 to 1 indicates. Crewe has the reputation of having one of the strongest teams in this section, and the High School showed itself to have a strong team when it defeated this aggregation.

P. H. S. 16—McGUIRE 5.

In a return game with McGuire played on the local diamond, P. H. S. again conquered them, by the score 16 to 5. The locals hit McGuire's pitchers at will. The whole Petersburg team fielded like veterans, and they were never in danger of being defeated.



Mr. J. William Young of the 1923 class has returned to V. P. I. after spending the Easter holidays with his parents.

On April 23, in Washington St. Methodist Church Miss Rosa Belle Williamson, a former pupil of the school, was married to Charles Monroe Loftis of South Boston, Va.

Misses Lucille Smith and Mary Boswell of the February class have entered the State Teachers' College at Farmville.

Miss Charlotte Savory, who was called home on account of the illness of her mother, has returned to the Baptist Institute of Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Mary Coughlin of the Senior Class and William Henry Funk were married in Washington, D. C., on April 28, 1924.

Miss Sarah Wice, a graduate of the 1920 Class, now of R. M. W. C., has recently been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa.

Mr. Minor P. Andrews of V. P. I. has accepted a position with the Jacobs Road Light Co., of Richmond, Va.



Miss Guerrant—(One dark morning) “Miss Spain, will you please run up the shades for me?”

Mr. Miller—“What is the plural of appendix?”

Rush Lincoln—“Appendicitis.”

Rudolph Ericksen says that he is going to cross milkweed and strawberry plants in order to grow strawberries and cream.

Josephine—“My goodness——!”

Bill—“That’s nothing to get excited about.”

Josephine—“What?”

Bill—“Your goodness.”

Mr. Powers—“What would Macbeth have been without Lady Macbeth?”

Mildred Smith—“A bachelor.”

A TEST TIME VILLANELLE.

This to my teachers I would suggest,
Altho I do not have great fear,
“Do be easy on our test.”

Please! oh, please don’t give us a test,
Until we, studious, do appear,
This to my teachers I would suggest.

Now this, you see, is my request:
And this I give without a tear,
"Do be easy on our test."

All thru the month we'll do our best,
So add this to our marks, "old dear,"
This to my teachers, I would suggest.

And I'll say, for all the rest,
If hard you are, we'll go to the rear,
"Do be easy on our test."

So please, dear teachers, don't doubt our best,
For fear we might go away from here;
This to my teachers I would suggest,
"Do be easy on our test."

—ELIZABETH JONES.

Jimmy Whitehurst—"Where's the paper plate that your pie was on?"

Nelson Carter—"I thought that was the lower crust."

Dot—"What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Janet—"If I knew I'd take some myself."

Alex—"Do you ever have a thought in your head?"

Mary (absently)—"Really, I haven't the slightest idea."

Helen—"Why do you call your car Paul Revere?"

Nick—"Because of the midnight rides."

Mr. Pettit—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

Bright Pupil—"For the same reason the chicken crossed the road. You can't catch me with no riddles."

TRIOLET.

He lifted his hat
 To comb back his hair;
 As he passed where she sat
 He lifted his hat,
 But she turned him down flat
 And gave him the air.
 He lifted his hat
 To comb back his hair.

—WILMER ROBERTSON.

P. H. S. IN LATEST SONG HITS.

Old Fashioned Girl Jesse Young(?)
Sally Miss Guerrant
I Wasn't Born to be Lonesome Helen Willcox
Peggy Margaret Heinemann
Daddy Longlegs Perry Wells
Where Cupid Calls Willcox Lake
Drowsy Head Joe Jolliff

Harold Barnes—What are the “Knights of the Bath?”

Charley Fowlkes—“I thought Saturday was the only one.”

Miss Gilliam—“Name a collective noun.”

Voice from the back room—“A vacuum cleaner.”

Miss Royall—“What did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?”

Edward Eppes (not paying attention)—“Ouch!”

AN IDLE WISH.

I wish that I could a poet be,
 And have the gift of writing song.
 For that's the life of lives for me,
 As I wouldn't have to work so long.

I'd work, and play, but do no wrong,
And hours of want I'd seldom see;
I wish that I could a poet be,
And have the gift of writing song.

I'd write of the beauties of flower and tree,
Of ladies fair and brave knights strong,
Of all of the wonders of meadow and lea.
But I'd try to make no poems long.
I wish that I could a poet be,
And have the gift of writing song.

—PAT DREWRY.

Runt—"What caused that big bump on your head?"

Jimmy Ayers—"Oh, its just where a thought struck me."

Mr. Morton—"What did you talk about last night?"

Larry—"Oh, we talked about Kith and Kin."

Little Brother—"Yeth, that's right pop !

He said, 'can I Kith you?' and she said, I gueth you kin."

"That's the guy I a'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer cross the yard.

Mary had a little lamp,
'Twas well trained, no doubt,
For every time that Alex came,
The little lamp went out.

Florence—"Do you always take other girls for such long walks."

Emmett—"No, it isn't always necessary."

HEARD AT A MASQUERADE DANCE.

She—"When you asked me for that dance I took you for George Bowman; when you held me so tight I thought you were Cameron Seay; and when you kissed me I could have sworn it was John Branch; but when you stepped on my foot I knew very well it was you, John Dameron."

Mary's roof leaked, so she shingled it.

Mr. Scott—"What is a circle?"

Pat Drewry—"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

Mr. Craig (Before Assembly)—"I am very happy to see all these shining faces before me this morning."

(Sudden application of four hundred powder puffs.)

Mr. Freas (One cold morning)—"Why, just look at you big healthy boys hugging the radiator, and all these cold girls at their desks."

"Dear Mr. Wolff," writes a mother, "Kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday as he fell in the mud. By doing same, you will oblige me."

Barbara—"That horrid ticket man at the *Palace* glared at me as if I hadn't dropped my ticket in the box."

Anne—"Well, what did you do?"

Barbara—"Why I glared back as if I had."

Jimmy Madison—"At last I've found you out!"

Dot Tucker—"Oh no, but you will the next time you call."

Wilmer Robertson (at a Hi.-Y. meeting when the lights went out)—"What was the idea of trying to kiss me?"

Nick Carter—"Force of habit, old dear."

Runt—"Nelson, be sure and come after supper to-night."

Nelson—"Sure, what did you think I was coming after?"

FLAPPER DAUGHTER TO PA.

Of course I admit I sometimes smoke
And stay out, quite often, till twelve at night.
But why tie me to this house with a yoke?
In many things that are wrong I delight.
And sometimes I don't do what I might,
But you never believe an excuse I make.
The way I dress may be a fright,
But when *you* do wrong it's just a mistake.

You don't agree with me on a joke,
I don't always come when you accite,
But you I never mean to provoke;
Without paint my face would be a fright.
And yes, your favorite I know I slight,
What's wrong if sometimes a date I break?
You'd think I'd broken a riligious rite,
But when *you* do wrong, it's just a mistake.

An ear for some of your faults I invoke.
You stay at the lodge till past midnight;
You have come home from a bout plumb broke
After seeing your favorite lose a fight,
For a month, on your money, you would be tight.
But o'er your faults you ne'er lie awake.
Sometimes you forget to be polite,
But when *you* do wrong, it's just a mistake.

L'ENVOY.

Good-night, old dear, my hair's a sight.
I should do better for your sake;
The way *I* do is a shame downright,
But when *you* do wrong, it's just a mistake.

—BERNARD BAIN.

HEARD IN 3 A LATIN CLASS.

Mr. Stuart—"Mr. Shapiro, when do you use nec?"

Ben Smith—"In the dark."

Mr. Weaver—"What is a spark gap?"

Robert Brockwell—"Why, that's when a girl yawns just as
you start to kiss her."



THE ECHO—Lexington High—Lexington, Va.—We wish L. H. S. much success in the literary contest. The cut for “Chatterbox is quite clever.

THE COURANT—Community High—Colchester, Ill.—We enjoy your paper very much. It has several true and helpful sayings, while the jokes are always numerous and original.

THE BIRDSEYE—Birdsboro High—Birdsboro, Pa.—The letter received from C. Weldon Kline, explaining the work of a logging engineer is unusually interesting. Yours is an all-around paper.

BLUE AND WHITE—Pottstown High—Pottstown, Pa.—We think your prize story contest a very good idea. Why not add a Poetry Department?

RED AND BLACK—H. H. S.—Tampa, Florida—Yours is an interesting weekly school paper. The writing up of your Exchange Department is delightfully different from that of most school magazines.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:

THE VACUUM—Fairfield High—Fairfield, Iowa.

THE CADET—V. M. I.—Lexington, Va.

THE HIGH SCHOOL TIMES—Easton High—Easton, Md.

THE CRITOGRAPH—Lynchburg College—Lynchburg, Va.

THE NEWS—Fountain Green High—Fountain Green, Ill.

THE SPIZZERINCTUM—Warrenton High—Warrenton, Va.

LONE—Lewistown High—Lewistown, Pa.

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